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Will visit the various towns in the county from time to time, due notice of which will be given.  
v7n16mp

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New Hope, - - - Missouri.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collecting. v7n16mp

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Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State and Phoenix Insurance Companies, and Real Estate Agents,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
JOSEPH B. ALLEN, Notary Public.  
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Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and Montgomery counties. sep7-71n36y1

**WM. FRAZIER, G. W. COLBERT,**  
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Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of real estate. Abstracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable farms for sale at low prices. Office on Main street in Randall's building, up stairs. [v7n14

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the State. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. v6n16z

**NELSON & FRAZIER,**

NEW HOPE, MO.,  
Have removed to the Ira T. Nelson house, and are now receiving a

NEW STOCK OF GOODS,  
and are determined  
NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

They expect to keep up their reputation for  
GIVING THE BEST PRICES  
FOR  
Country Produce.

September 25, 1872.

**VICK'S**  
FLORAL GUIDE  
For 1873.

The GUIDE is now published quarterly. 25 Cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of One Dollar or more for Seeds may also order 25 cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.  
The January number is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural homes, Designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One Hundred and Fifty pages on the United States paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.  
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**THE ORIGINAL**  
LACLEDE STABLE,  
TROY, MO.

BIRKHEAD & THORNHILL  
Still have the 12, Heavy Stables on Cherry st. the sign at the brick livery stable on Main street to the contrary notwithstanding. The original Laclede Stables, by the above proprietors, are, as they have always been, a few doors east of Withrow's saddle shop, where the proprietors will always be pleased to see their friends.  
Buggies, horses and wagons to hire. Horses boarded by day or week. v8n1

**A CALIFORNIA LEGEND.**

Nestled between the cloud-capped mountains and the sea, in the sunny regions of California, lies the beautiful town of Santa Barbara. Here, through the long winter months, the air is mild and balmy, and the hills are rich with verdure. Pepper and acacia trees mingle the grace of their perennial foliage with that of the sturdy live-oak and the dark-leaved olive, all the year round; while flowers, both wild and cultivated, bloom in unbounded profusion.

Santa Barbara claims to be one of the most favored spots on the globe for healthfulness, the gentleness of its climate, and the beauty and productiveness of its semi-tropical vegetation. Differing from the Neapolitans, the Santa Barbarans say, "See Santa Barbara and live!"

About four miles from the town, in the valley of Montecito, grows the now famous grape vine, one of the wonders for the tourist in southern California. It is the largest on record. It measures four feet four inches in circumference at the ground, and rises eight feet before branching out; then, spreading with extreme luxuriance, its branches cover more than five thousand square feet, and are supported by fifty-two trellises. The large branches are thirty inches in circumference, and, were it not for rigid pruning, the branches would extend indefinitely in every direction. It is the Mission variety and exceedingly prolific, producing annually from five to six tons of grapes, which hang in massive clusters beneath the trellises, the effect of which, in the mellow autumn time, excites admiration and wonder. It is claimed that it has produced 7,000 bunches of grapes varying from one to four pounds in weight each. A bean was put into a vase for each bunch plucked, until the beans numbered 7,000. It grows on the sunny slope of the foot-hills commanding a fine view of the rugged mountains in one direction, and in the other the lovely Montecito Valley, with glimpses of the blue Pacific. The vine is irrigated by waters from the hot springs a few miles distant; and the country about the vine is very beautiful and Mexican in its natural and artificial surroundings.

There is a tradition connected with the origin of this vine worth to record. Seventy years ago, during the occupancy of the Mission Fathers, there lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles a beautiful young Spanish girl. Nearly all Spanish girls while in the bloom and freshness of youth, possess more or less of their national cast of beauty; but the Senorita Marcellina had, from childhood, been the acknowledged queen among the maidens of her native place. Her complexion tinged with the warm, brunette hue of her race, was clear and bright with the rich tint of health. Her wealth of black hair fell in rippling waves far below her waist; and her large, dark eyes were fringed with silken lashes that matched the exquisite penciling of the arched brows above them. Her parents, though belonging to the better class of Spanish had become poor, through extravagance and mismanagement, and had formed the project of bettering their fortunes by wedding their daughter to some wealthy Don.

The lovely Marcellina did not lack for admirers nor ardent lovers, and among them all, Senor Carlos de Dominguez was the favorite and accepted suitor. He was handsome, tall, and manly, but alas! without fortune, and socially not the equal of Marcellina. As may be supposed, his suit met with no encouragement from the Don and Dona Felix; and they, finding the attachment between the young people was becoming stronger than accorded with their plans for their daughter, resolved to remove to Santa Barbara—a mission some hundred miles north—where resided many wealthy families, among whom they doubted not an alliance would be formed suitable in fortune and position.

The announcement of their contemplated removal struck dismay to the hearts of Marcellina and Carlos; but the latter, receiving courage from desperation, presented his suit to the parents. As was anticipated, it was scornfully rejected, and further intercourse sternly forbidden. The lovers were, however, too ardent to be separated thus, and through the medium of an old Indian nurse, who was devotedly attached to the girl, they obtained one interview before the parting.

In the early twilight, Marcellina stole out to an olive orchard, surrounded by an adobe wall, which lay back of the paternal mansion. Here she stood waiting with throbbing heart the arrival of her lover, while her nurse kept watch on the other side of the wall, ready to give the alarm by a signal agreed upon, should any one approach from the house. Alas! ready the shadows lay dark beneath the thick, low branches of the olive trees, and at every rustle and sound the fair transgressor started and trembled. Suddenly a tall figure sprang over the wall, and crept stealthily along in its shadow, till he came close to where the waiting maiden stood. "Carlos," she cried, holding out her trembling hands. "Is it you, Marcellina? Ah, poor little one, how she trembles! They are very cruel darling, but we will not be separated. They shall not take you from me, my precious one."

And then he spoke long, low and rapidly in the beautiful Spanish language—so exquisitely fitted for expressions of tenderness and endearment—telling her that, as her parents objected to their union on the ground of poverty, he had determined to win wealth; that old Indian, bound to him by the ties of gratitude, possessed knowledge of a rich mine

far away among the mountains, and to which he had promised to guide him and his company; and, by courage and skill, he would soon return to claim her hand from her ambitious and avaricious parents.

"Remain true to me, Lina, and resist their scheming. Wait for me but two years, my darling, and if, at the end of that time, you do not hear of me, know that I have perished in the attempt to win you."

He then gave her a cutting from a grape-vine, telling her to carry it to her new home and plant it, keeping it as a reminder of him, and that while it lived and flourished, she might know he loved her and was true to her. The cutting was in the shape of a riding whip, and as such she was to carry it, for her journey was to be performed on horseback.

Vowing eternal fidelity, the lovers parted, and the next morning, Don and Dona Felix, with their daughter and attendants, started on their journey; while Carlos & Co., with their Indian guide, wended their way, full of hope and confidence, over the mountain trail.

Marcellina, as may be supposed, made little use of her grapevine switch to urge her mustang along the weary way between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Arriving at their destination—four miles from the mission of Santa Barbara—her first act was to plant the cutting upon the hill-side, with many tears and prayers to the Virgin for the success and safety of her lover.

The vine grew and flourished with wonderful luxuriance and gladdened the heart of the waiting maiden, who could hardly have borne the burden of anxiety and suspense without its silent encouragement; for Don and Dona had found, as they thought, a suitable companion for their daughter, in a Spaniard of reputed great wealth, who promised them liberal compensation for her hand. He was short, of good circumstances, and grizzled with years, but to counterbalance these defects in a lover, his fingers and shirt front shone with gems. Marcellina's violent opposition, however, while it did not move them to renounce their purpose, induced them to postpone the marriage, in the hope that she would forget the former lover and become more reconciled to their will.

In the interval thus granted, the time for Carlos would expire; and Marcellina prayed daily for the arrival of her betrothed, with the fortune that was to find favor in the eyes of her parents. The two years were rapidly drawing to a close, and yet no sign or token had come, save what she found in the vigorous growth of her cherished vine. At length her parents pressed with poverty and weary of the prolonged indulgence to what they considered an idle fancy, fixed the day for the wedding with the suitor of their choice, whose only recommendation was his wealth.

The eve of Marcellina's wedding day was the second anniversary of the parting in the olive grove, when Carlos told her that if he did not return or send her word within two years, she might know that he was dead. She had crept away from the scene of busy preparation within her home, and hiding herself beneath the shadow of her beloved vine, which was now large enough to shelter her from casual observation in the uncertain gloaming—she sobbed and wept, calling upon the Virgin, in hopeless anguish to take her away to the spirit world, where she believed Carlos to be.

Approaching footsteps arrested her attention. She started guiltily and attempted to hide her tears, for she dared not let her parents know she still mourned her absent lover.

"Lina—Lina," greeted her ears in a familiar voice, and stayed her flight. Tremblingly she awaited the near approach of the intruder, when, with one wild, joyous cry of "Carlos!" she dropped into his arms, her beautiful head pressed close to his throbbing heart.

It was, indeed, Carlos, returned at last, faithful to his promise, bringing with him a fortune at least equal to that of her aged and detested suitor.

Carlos, with faith in his love and confidence in his ultimate success, followed the Indian across the Coast Range into the heart of the Sierras, where he proved the honesty of his guide and the truth of his promises by the marvelous deposits of gold to which he led them. Two years sufficed to gain the fortunes for which they so earnestly sought and strove.

All other things being equal, the Don and Dona, consented that their daughter should choose between the suitors, and the next day, instead of being led to the altar a wretched sacrifice to their ambition and avarice, she went as the willing and happy bride of her adoring Carlos.

Years passed away; and Dona Felix died, and reversed deprived Carlos of his wealth. But strange to say the faithful vine, once a token of fidelity between the lovers, now became their means of support; for so prolific had it become, and so little did the indolent Spanish about them turn their attention to the culture of the grape, that the fruit brought them income sufficient for their maintenance.

About twelve years ago a second vine sprang up near the original one and grew rapidly, until now it nearly equals it in size. A large dancing floor was erected beneath the shadow of the vine, and here Spanish youths and maidens united in the merry dance on Sabbath evenings, according to their national custom.

Carlos and Marcellina died at a good old age, leaving behind them three hundred and fifty descendants, and the big grape vine, which will keep green their memory and the story of their love and

faithfulness, long after children and grand children cease to tell the story.

Hundreds of tourists annually visit the place, and wonder while they gaze upon its vast proportions, and listen to the accounts of its marvelous productiveness.

Yet, to me, the heart story of which it is a living memento, is its greatest charm; and I love to dream, while standing beneath its spreading branches, and gazing far out upon the broad, blue Pacific, whose waters sparkle in the distance, of the true hearted Spanish maiden who planted it in faith which springs from an immortal love, and who watered it with her tears.—Overland Monthly for December.

(Communicated)  
**To Young Men—Drink It.**

"Take a little wine for the stomach's sake, and for thine oft infirmities." These are the words once spoken by the great apostle of the Gentiles, and as he was a good man, and one who lived a life worthy the emulation of the men of all ages, it is reasonable to suppose that many professors of Christianity, as well as those who are considered mere nominal Christians, would most willingly take his advice in this matter; thereby claiming a license to drink wine and other spirituous liquors ad libitum.

Very well, gentlemen, we admit that Paul did make use of the above words, but we have, perhaps, a different idea in regard to the lesson he intended to impart than many claim to understand from his words. At all events, if you desire to make men of yourselves, such as we design describing in this chapter, drink wine and all other intoxicating drinks, and you will most certainly succeed. Don't listen to the admonitions of your old foggy parents, they are, perhaps, growing old and childish, and know nothing about it. Don't believe that Solomon knew anything in regard to the matter, when he wrote, "Wine is a mocker, &c., &c." He had, peradventure, grown too old to enjoy a first class spree. Don't believe the statistics that you frequently find in public newspapers, in regard to the amount of money that is annually spent for alcoholic beverages. They are only sensation items, gotten up by temperance men for electioneering purposes. Believe nothing of the kind, but drink as much as you please, enjoy yourselves while you are young, make your mark in the world, though it be in a mud hole or in the gutter.

It is a beautiful sight to see young men, whose parents have toiled many long and weary years for the purpose of giving them an education, that they might become useful citizens, ornaments to society and a comfort and support to them in their old age, staggering under the influence of strong drink, or hanging around beer shops and saloons—some times wallowing in the streets—and after having taken more than the stomach can bear, disgorging like so many buzzards after having feasted upon a putrid carcass. This is truly a most beautiful situation, and one well worth the consideration of all young men, who have any respect for themselves or the society in which they live.

It is also cheerful and enlivening to hear young men, when under the influence of liquor, as it is called, swear to their manhood and respectability as gentlemen. You would, perhaps, take their words as readily without an oath as with it, as their very acts go to prove that they are true gentlemen; but then you know that it would not look refined without an oath.

For the purpose of proving more conclusively that drinking will make men of you, we will give you an illustration of the matter:

For instance, imagine a seedy looking individual standing in front of a saloon, leaning against a lamp post; mark the difference between the legs of his pants and his brogan shoes, look at his threadbare coat, his dilapidated stove pipe hat, his dirty shirt bosom, without any collar; see his cravat of ancient style, tied in a hard knot upon the side of his neck. He has no vest; his coat sleeves which are several inches too short for him, are streak with grease and dirt; one suspender appears to hold him together; his beard and hair is uncombed, shaggy and gray, and his eyes are about as lustrous as those of a dead mackerel. Look at him while he stands shivering in the cold. Poor man! houseless, homeless, penniless, and friendless, he stands before you, a wreck from the use of alcohol. And yet, he would almost give his soul for one more drink of that beverage which has dried up every fountain of human love that ever animated his heart.

It is given him. See the maniacal smile half lighten up his destroyed

countenance, hear the trembling voice, watch the convulsive motion of the hand as he reaches forth to grasp another glass of the liquid fire that has almost consumed the last spark of a once vigorous constitution. His lamp burns fitfully and flickering to its close; the flames of torment are consuming his brain, while knots of imaginary, hissing serpents entwine themselves about his heart. This is the kind of man that the use of alcoholic drinks often makes of those who were at one time in life as promising young men as any to be found, who stood at the head of the very best society, had money at their disposal and friends by the thousand.

This man never intended to become a drunkard, but was led on, step by step, until he arrived at a point where he found it next to an impossibility to govern the morbid appetite he had acquired for alcohol; and after spending all his means, he even bartered his soul, his reputation and his life for the accursed beverage. Yes, he has sunk so low in the scale of manhood that he will beg for strong drink, as a starving child would beg for milk.

This is no fancy picture, gentlemen. Thousands of similar cases are of actual occurrence; more than one case of the kind having taken place under our own observation.

We could mention the names of many whose prospects in life were, at one time, as bright and hopeful as the heart could desire; and yet their end is more pitiable and degrading than the case pictured above—caused by the use of alcohol.

There are other beautiful sights to which we would call the attention of all who are in the habit of drinking wine and other strong drinks, among which we will mention the drunken husband and father, who spends all the proceeds of his labor for drinks, who beats his wife and abuses his starving, half-naked children; allows his children to grow up in ignorance, exposed to the contagion of all the wickedness and vice to which intemperance leads. Look upon the wife of the hopeless inebriate, observe the blanched cheek, the trembling voice, the sunken eye; all bare expressions of the deepest sorrow. Observe his children; they shrink from him as a lamb from the presence of a tiger.

Such sights, doubtless, cause Lucifer to rejoice, and theimps of darkness to shout with fiendish delight.

If young men wish to lose the respect of their friends, let them drink wine. If they wish to lose the respect of sober business men, let them form a habit of getting upon sprees. If they are tired of business and wish a little vacation, let them get drunk a few times, and they will soon find themselves released from employment.

If they wish to be poor and dishonored all their lives, let them spend their earnings for drink. If they would be such as we have pictured above, let them cultivate a taste for Whiskey & Co.; and, finally, if they wish to make themselves and all their friends unhappy, let them be drunkards.

**Married Life as Seen by a Newly Made Benedict.**

First—Just married; destined to living in clover, new mown hay, and such herbage, from nine to twelve months.

Second—Some black, rascally, stormy night you are turned out into the streets and ponds, and mill races, or amid snow eighteen inches deep, and drifting like blazes, and told to run for the doctor. When you get home again, eight chances to ten a little red flannel looking thing, about the size of a big melon potato, awaits you. They will call it a baby; and packed up with it you will find the first red signals of married life—you can bet on that.

Third—Paregoric, and soothing syrup, and catnip tea, and long flannel, and diaper stuff, and baby-culio—they will come along too; in fact they will become just as much at home in the house as dinner. Then—

Fourth. One of these nights, in "Then we sm't" hours about the twal " you will turn out again. Barefoot, and icy, disconsolate sense of dampness all about you, only a cotton shirt or such a matter between you and the distressed openness of a cane seat chair, you will distractedly rock that baby back and forth, and bob it up and down, singing with a voice like a wild ox in a slaughter yard:

"This thing is playing out Mary."  
"Rock o'bye, baby, on a tree-top."  
or some such melody. And all the time that baby yells. Oh, doesn't he yell? while Mary Ann, up to her nose under the warm bed covers, to help out, every now and then impatiently puts in just at the wrong place, "Why don't you trot him faster, Samuel?"

And you trot him—oh, how you do trot him! If you could only trot him out so far that he could never get any of it back again, or break his back, or neck, or something, you would be

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immensely happy. But no. The little innocent seems to suffer than India-rubber car spring.

Just as you are about giving up, concluding that you must freeze, that there will certainly have to be a funeral in the house inside of thirty-six hours, baby wails from sheer exhaustion, and then with teeth shattering like a McCormick reaper, you crawl in by Mary Ann and try to sleep again.

Fifth. Gradually you glide away into a tangled maze of ice, commomole, morose, skating weather, steam-whistled-coated babies, jockey club, sleigh rides, crinolines immense as the old ball at Moscow, Indian ambuscades, snowstorms, and forty other equally cheerful things, suddenly—

Sixth. A snort, a thrash, a wild throwing upward of little arms and legs, and then, keen and shrill, comes that terrible "ah waa! ah waa!" again. I guess you wake up, don't you?

"Get the paregoric and a teaspoon, quick!" says Mary Ann, in a sharp, staccato tone, and don't you get it?

In just three eighths of a second you are a Grecian bend out on the cold floor dropping paregoric in a teaspoon.

Hurry! Gracious little Peter describing diabolic curves with all the arms and legs he's got, and screaming one hundred pounds to the square inch, and Mary Ann rearing around there in the bed, making a rocking chair of her back, and yelling, "By, by, O!" like a Comanche on the war-path. Oh, no; circumstances are not such as to make you hurry any. And then to think that as days, and perhaps years roll on, there has got to be more and more yet of just such distressed work.

Nice, isn't it?—Kansas City Times.

**Josh Billings on Silence.**

Silence is a still noise.

One of the hardest things for a man to do is to keep still.

Everybody wants to be heard fast, as this is just what fills the world with nonsense.

Everybody wants to talk, few want to think, and nobody wants to listen. The greatest talkers among the feathered folks are the magpie and the gnat, and neither of them are of much account.

If a man ain't sure he is right, the best card he can play is a blank one.

I have known many a man to beat in an argument by just nodding his head once in a while and simply say, "jess so, jess so."

It takes a great munny blows to drive in a nail, but one will clinch it.

Sum men talk just as a French pony trots, all day long, in a half bushel measure.

Silence never makes any blunders, and always gets as much credit as it deserves, and oftentimes more.

When I see a man listening to me I always say to myself, "look out Josh, that fellow is taking your measure."

I have heard men argue a pint two hours and a half and not get any further from where they started than a mule in a bark mill, they did a good deal of going round and round.

I have sat on juries and had a lawyer talk the law, facts and evidence on the case all out of me, besides starting the taps on my boots.

I have bin tw church hungry for sum gospel and cum hum so phull of it that I couldn't draw a long breth without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the two grato kards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little is the strength of the game.

One thing is certain, it is only the grato thinkers who can afford to be brief, and there has bin but plow volumes published which could not be cut down two-thirds, and munny ov them could be cut clean back twer the title page without hurting them.

It is hard tw find a man ov good sense who can look back upon any occasion and wish he had sum more, but it is easy to find munny who wish they had less.

A thing sez iz hard to recall, but un- sed can be spoken enny time.

Brevity is the child of silence, and iz a grato credit to the old man.

**AN OLD RESIDENT.**—Mr. Jacob Kibler, Sr. has lately received a pension for services rendered during the war of 1812. He served for some time in the army during that "unpleasantness" and was conspicuously daring in the engagement of Craney Island, off Norfolk. Mr. Kibler is now 82 years of age. He has been a resident of St. Charles over 50 years, having been settled here before the admission of Missouri as a state. In early days, when all transportation was done by keel boats, Mr. Kibler was one of the largest fur dealers west of the Mississippi, and traded extensively with the Rocky Mountain trappers. Notwithstanding his advanced age he retains all his faculties in a remarkable degree. A few years back his eye sight failed rapidly, but it is now improving again, and it is to be hoped he may have the same good fortune of his brother, who lost entirely his sight when about fifty years old, but recovered it "as good as new" before he was 60. Mr. Kibler is a Virginian by birth, and of course is proud of it.—St. Charles News.

The survivors of the Mexican war held a meeting at Pittsburgh, Saturday, and memorialized Congress to pension them commensurate with the valuable results of their services.

There is a growing impression in Washington, that there will be an extraordinary session of Congress.